

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Nature.

[From the New York Sun, January 14.]

If Nature does not to the soul respond,
We still should thank her that she does not chide;
The soul for sympathy must look beyond
The boundaries of this earth, though they be wide.
And yet the yearning heart should not complain,
For the fair world is full of glorious things;
The blue sky's broad expanse, the verdant plain,
The ocean, and the ceaseless song it sings,
The birds, the trees, the flowers, the mountains grand
Are ever eloquent, though they be mute,
And breathe a language we may understand,
More musical than strains from Pan's sweet lute.
Arise, sad soul! repose on Nature's breast,
And she will give to thee a blessed rest.

ELIOT RYDER.

Moliere.

The age of Louis XIV was undoubtedly an age prolific of great men in every profession, great writers, great orators—both at the bar and pulpit—great statesmen, great generals, great saints, and great sinners, and all patronized by a great king, Louis. It needs a great man to form and mould an age, and it must be admitted that the king contributed in no small degree to influence, during a long reign, an age which he was wont to call *L'Etat c'est moi!* Indeed he had a taste for greatness, and this may justly be regarded, according to John Muller, as "the source of the benefits which he rendered to the arts and sciences."

It was under such a patron that Molière set about reforming the French stage, for it was reserved to him to renovate and give a fresh turn to the theatrical performances. Jean Baptiste de Poquelin, the real name of this comic writer, was born at Paris, 1622, and received a fair education, as he was destined by his father to succeed himself in the office which he filled, of *valet de chambre* and upholsterer to the king. The young Poquelin made notable proficiency, as his teachers Gassendi, Chapelle, and

Bernier testify; and had he made good use of those talents, the future father of French comedy might have done good service to his country, nor would he be the least among the many geniuses whom his tutors, the Jesuits, have given to that ungrateful people. At an early age, the indisposition of his father placed this young man at court and very soon he accompanied the king to Narbonne. Here the French theatre began to flourish through the genius and talents of the great Corneille, and it was here that the young Poquelin imbibed a strong passion for the stage. Having formed at the time a company of his own, and either according to custom or from regard to his parents, as his profession was then deemed disreputable, he changed his name to Molière. His company had some success, but disappears during the troubles of the Fronde; but after the restoration we find him at the head of a travelling troupe.

In 1662, Molière brought forth at Lyons his first comedy, written in verse, for he was not only a dramatist but a poet. The "Étude" was interesting and much admired, notwithstanding a want of connection and some incorrectness of style. This piece was acted again at Beziers, where the Prince Conti, who had known Molière at school, was staying. The "Précieuses Ridicules" is a delicate satire on the prevailing affectation of the character of *bel esprit*, and on the pedantry and affectation of learned females, in language, thought, and dress. This play had the desired effect, for in Paris the spectators recognized themselves, and benefitted by the satire. One of his greatest pieces is "The Misanthrope," and although there are more interesting comedies, still this is a satire that may be compared with those of Horace or Boileau. "The Tartuffe" is, however, one of his masterpieces, for it is written in a beautiful style and possesses much interest. In this play the hypocrite, or rather hypocrisy, is admirably personified: the characters are various and true, and the dialogue is elegant and natural. It would seem that in this especially "he held the mirror up to nature." Many of his plays were written and even prepared hurriedly, which accounts for some lack in the plots; but even in those may be found much of the wit so peculiar to Molière. It is to be regretted, however, that even in his best pieces there is so much to be lopped off before they could be produced in the presence of a modest audience. Even "Le Misanthrope," one of his masterpieces, was sufficiently in delicate to be acted in the closet rather than on the stage. It speaks ill for the taste of those who admired and applauded the most impious, the most obscene pieces. "Scaramouche" was once represented at court, and even the king was so much surprised that he said to the great Condé on leaving the theatre: "I should like to know why the people, who are so scandalized at Molière, say nothing of 'Scaramouche.'"

"The reason is," replied the prince, "that 'Scaramouche' ridicules only God and religion, about which these people care nothing, while Molière's other pieces ridicule themselves."

He wrote some others in imitation of Terence and Plautus, in which he seems to have 'outstripped the work.' "L'École des Femmes" and "Madicai," supplied matter for displaying much wit and satire. One of Molière's plays that has been much imitated is "Femmes Savantes," a witty satire on affected taste and pedantic learning, which at that time prevailed in the Hotel de Rambouillat. In this play the incident is somewhat disconnected, yet the development is really comical. His last play was an attack on the physicians, on whom he never ceased to expend much of his comic genius, since one time he had been imposed upon by one that was laboring on an unfortunate disease, not, I presume, prevalent at the present day—avarice. In the "Malade de Imaginaire," the quackery and pedantry of the physicians of the times, are fully delineated, and it was while acting this piece that he died.

As to give a catalogue of Molière's plays, much less to pass them by in brief review, is beyond my scope: it will suffice to give the opinion of learned critics, and men of good taste. Frenchmen, as a matter of course, hold him up as the Homer, the Virgil and the Shakespeare of France. M. Sard says of Molière that he was, perhaps, the only genius that had no model in antiquity to follow, and no equal in his style of writing in modern times. I believe the French language admits of much use of hyperbolic expressions, but these are his words: "*Molière peut-être le seul homme de génie, que n'ait eu ni modèle parmi les anciens ni concurrent parmi les modernes.*" M. Augar, one of the editors of Molière's works, uses language not less exaggerated; he says that no age or place can produce a conqueror or a successful rival of Molière. There is no doubt that his works may be considered an authentic history of the manners, fashions, tastes and times, and a most faithful picture of human life.

Molière was endowed with an observing mind, and was ingenious in catching the outward marks of passions and emotions, and exhibited the tone, the actions, the language, the feelings, nay, he lays bare the most secret recesses of their hearts. "His comedies," says La Harpe, "properly read, may supply experience, because he has depicted, not mere passing follies, but human nature, which does not change." It is only one that has tasted the dregs of that bitter cup that can sufficiently delineate the extravagancies and depravity to which human nature can descend. There is a reward for virtue which is unknown to the depraved, and Molière was no exception; for even in private life, in his domestic relations, he was not happy; and he that could make merry on the stage, at the weaknesses of others, could not guard against his own. He died as he lived, in the midst of his performance, being seized with a fit of apoplexy; he passed with a smile on his face to meet his reward. The circumstances of his death suggested the epithet which his friend Bechat wrote, but of course it was not placed on his tomb:

"Rossius hic situs est, parva Moliærus in urna.
Cui genus humanum ludere lusus erat;
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere sacra netat."

Molière never became a member of the Academy, because all actors were excluded, nor would he on principle

give up the stage. That body, however, erected to his honor a bust with this verse of Saurin:

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre."

M.

Lessons Taught Us.

BY GEORGE E. CLARKE.

The formation of a constitution is at all times an arduous task, yet the universal danger of the hour urged American patriots towards its establishment, and holy and sacred principles armored them for the task. "History, like a hand-maid, waited upon them and presented to their choice the wholesome lessons of experience." The salutary ideas that they chose, culled and garnered from time immemorial, were immersed into legislative wisdom, refined in the crucible of debate, and issued in a sublime manifesto, so vast in conception, so worthy in purpose that all acts assimilated to it are in it merged, lost. The boldness of their act, echoed and re-echoed, shook the very foundations of aristocracy, aroused that innate spirit of independence that forever dwells in human breasts and rang the death-knell of religious fanaticism. An epoch was marked, a brighter era dawned and stamped its incipiency on the records of civilization. A nation, carved from a vast solitude that was to give birth to a countless multitude, was ushered into existence. This was not an asylum for the assassin or the pirate; the insolvent debtor, or friend of novelty; the progenitors of ancient Rome, but was destined to be a home for the down-trodden of every land, the oppressed of every creed, and the innocent victim of iniquitous legislation.

The emigrants landed upon our shores, re-born, re-created. With hearts full of emotion, we pressed them to our bosoms; we taught them that previous condition was now to be forgotten, that rank and caste had been left behind, that we recognized no nobility, and that, guided by the immutable principles of justice, we were making an attempt which, should it fail, would be the last in that direction. They accepted, and hand in hand, canopied by the blue vaults of heaven, breathing the pure air of freedom, free from former cumbrances, knowing well the maxim "to scorn delights, and live laborious days," to be the prerequisite to prosperity, they began to apply themselves. Maryellous achievements followed. The dense forest was supplanted by the golden harvest field, the roar of the wild beast was silenced by the sturdy voice of the son of toil, and the air, once rent by the yell of the savage, was now purified by the prayers of the religious; and society, based on principles of morality, defended by pure and elevated men, was a precious volume abounding in lessons of simplicity and honesty. But new troubles were at hand. That old formidable enemy, whom we had once defeated, was again sweeping the seas. Flushed with victory, her arrogance increased until it culminated in dragging our men from under our protecting folds into its tyrannical embrace. The country passed, as John Adams said, from "glory to gloom." The nation called: instantaneous was the response. Side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, men bared their breasts to the cannon's fire. Again our adopted brothers had manned our navy, swelled our army, and with their life-blood sealed their devotion. The sequel is known. Victory was ours. A new fire of wonderful intellectual activity was kindled. Industry.

art, science and literature illuminated our career, marked us as a nation of greatness, caused the attention of other nations to be fixed upon us, and the proudest argument was, "I am an American citizen." But liberty tends to licentiousness; and domestic aggressors, under the thin veil of hypocrisy, begin to give us fear. Personal aggrandizers, and mobs who know no law, flaunt their colors at our threshold. That ennobling attribute which gave to us disinterested patriots, heroes and commanders, illustrious and gifted statesmen, seems to have become extinct. Obedience and stability, the pillars and props of our existence, have a crumbling appearance.

A spirit opposed to patriotism, warring with rule and order, contemning law and authority, and subverting the very foundation of government itself, is charging the atmosphere. Fluctuation in momentous affairs portend a reign of laxity and licentiousness in graver ones. An era of demagogism, shoddyism and snobbish affectation begins, and at once becomes the recipient of our encouragement. The sensationalism of pulpit orators is another innovation. Campaign speakers refrain from rebuking their constituents for their faults and errors, but pander to their vicious tastes, warp, cringe, and crawl at their command. Wisdom, common sense, justice and veracity are drowned in the shouts and clamors of maddened auditors. And that other safeguard of the principles of Government, the press, has degenerated, perverted its use and transcended its bounds. Too frequently edited by men of ordinary abilities and unprincipled views, its issues, scattered broadcast, deluge the land with ideas the most impure and corrupt. Directed by men of greed for gold, it becomes an abettor to acts against public policy. Regulated by the defrauder, it would fain mar the fair name and untarnished character of the honest man. Controlled by foreign influence, it inoculates the readers with despotic motives. Manipulated by the bigot with bounded conceptions and narrow judgments, which shut out the bright rays of truth, miscoloring and falsifying facts, it cries sectarianism at its opponents. These, with imitating the "booted and spurred" in formalities and liveried servants, aping the airs and manners of monarchical palaces, cause us to think our Republican form of Government has deteriorated, and, practically speaking, it has. The Government framed by our forefathers exists now only in name. The day of men imbued with the love of honor, integrity and the principles of our constitutions is over and in their stead sit self-seekers, sycophants—flexible at the caprices of the multitude. For a corroborative example of this assertion I refer you to the political commotion we have just experienced. Fiercer and fiercer do our elections seem to grow. The enormous amount of money expended, the loss of life, the renewal of former grievances, the neglect of business, and the scathing tirades hurled by the belligerent parties cause us to wish a more seldom visit of the day. The last one has taught us a series of beneficial lessons. We are confirmed in the idea that our best men have not been presidents. We saw the fate of a nation suspended between the forces of ambitious men. We saw men endeavoring to subvert the general order of authority and act contrary to the precedents of the honored dead. We saw freemen whipped into traces and constrained to speak what they did not feel, and when the deciding day arrived we saw no ignominious effort left undone that might work victory. But our greatest lesson, the one that pierced us sorely, was to know that dislike for foreigners and

hatred for the Irish race was not confined to lands across the waters, but had been transitted here. Yes, we who in our political orations, with our skilfully-arranged and high-sounding words boast of never encroaching on the rights of any man, have shown ourselves guilty of this. Our Empire State was the scene of action. A man, whose mental acquirements and business qualifications had prognosticated in him a succession of good and great services, was cried down, and his crime (?) was to have been born on an isle of saints and martyrs! a land on whose palpitating heart is planted the iron heel of a tyrant, whose children scorn the unmanly windings of deceit and selfishness to power and influence, disdain to bend a suppliant knee, but tread the broad open avenue flanked by honor, rights and justice. Again the press, the generator of all but moral readers, the perverter of truths, was brought into action, but its work was useless, for the target of abuse was not found inert. His constituents were on the alert and he met his opponents and secured for himself the laurels of victory.

But the question suggests itself, Why this treatment? On what authority are such actions based? The English Government disbanded the schools of the Irish nation, made teaching a crime, yet the fields of literature bear lasting impressions of their genius. The effusions of the "sweet son of song," imbedded in gracefulness of thought and richness of conception, rank him among the masters of song. And in that other sphere, where "senates tremble as they praise," their exponent is he who by moral suasion for a quarter of a century agitated the minds of the British Empire and cried not content until his object was secured. But perhaps nationality is not the occasion for hatred towards that people of valor and virtue. One of the crimes (?) of Mary Queen of Scots was that she was a Catholic. Can the same be applied to this race, as the majority of them revere that faith and glory in it? Remember, that Europe's greatest statesmen suggested every means, tested every instrument and exhausted all their energies to destroy this enemy of their designs, but they failed most completely, and the hydra-headed monster (?) still lives. We had hoped that that feeling of which the ruins of Charlestown Convent so plainly speak had long since disappeared. We had hoped that as the trammels of despotic oppression had been broken, freeing us from everything of an extraneous nature, we were wholly free, and that spirit born in another world, fed by the slaves of bigotry, had not been waisted to a land where there should be no distinction but that which merit would originate. But our hopes have not been realized. The events of the day convince us of it. The place of birth seems now to make a partition of rights. The descendants of a race whose forefathers feared not to immolate themselves on the altar of the commonweal, priding, as they justly should, in a land prolific in great hearts, a land treated as Egypt and Phoenecia were by Greece and Rome, "plundered of territory and libelled of name," are now made the objects for contempt. They who have never hoisted false colors, who have never been bought to fight, who have never thrown their arms around the pillars of the Constitution, that it might fall upon their fellow-men—why are they treated with such bitterness? Should they not resent it? They should; and that spirit of which the Irish people are so characteristic, goads them to it. Until recently, owing to inexperience, they have been hurried on by the fiery declamation and honeyed words of deceitful politi-

cians, but their front now presents a different phase: they know that where there is unity, there is strength, and they have come out fearless and strong, yet submissive to authority and determined to battle for their rights. Allying themselves with no political party, knowing that "the end of all government is the happiness of the governed," it matters not to them what party is in power. They are to guard themselves with their strongest fortress and to cherish and cultivate liberty as a paradise of fabulous beauty. They are instructing those who are to succeed them as to the history of the past,

"Shall not the self-same mould bring forth
The self-same men?"

And they have drank in those words of wisdom, given by Goethe to his countrymen: "Let everyone, according to his talents, according to his tendencies, according to his position, do his utmost to increase the culture and development of the people that the people may not lag behind other peoples, but become competent for every great action when the day of its glory arrives!"

These are a few of the lessons and results of the late political commotion, proving to us that our freedom is but a rhetorical figure, existing only in name, that we are disciples of doctrines without examining them and that we are slaves to passionate journalism, heated imaginations and vulgar prejudices.

A Prep's. Idea of the Advantages Derived from a Classical Education.

Whether a young man, who possesses the means and talents, should acquire a complete classical education is a question which must always be answered in the affirmative. For why is man placed in this world? Is it merely to satisfy his carnal appetites and desires? Indeed not; for then man would be nothing more than a brute, and this certainly is not what he ought to be, for he is composed of soul and body; the former, besides, is superior element, and it needs to be cultivated, to be refined, like gold in the fire, in order that it might approach in perfection the ideal of its Creator. But how can this be done? How can the soul, the heart, attain this culture, unless it is, so to say, properly moulded thereunto by experienced minds that have gone through the schools of training and have become imbued with the principles of science and art, and are able to impart that which they have learned themselves? But, you ask, what has all this to do with a complete classical education? Why will not a commercial course do as well? I can read, write, know all the intricate points of book-keeping, and can make a living, and a good living, too, without the classics. What nonsense to study Cicero, Virgil, and Horace! much better to read a dime-novel than rack my brains about the labored lines of these dead authors. This is very easy talk, but consider that you say all this without reflection. You must know that God created you for a certain end, and that you can never attain this end without trouble. He has given you parents to take care of you, and He has blessed them with riches. They desire to give you a good education, a complete classical one, why not avail yourself of this precious opportunity offered you? God has placed it in your way, and He would make you sorry for it, would you refuse

Him. Besides, what is your reward, if you commence your course and finish it successfully? You have trained your mind, and sharpened its faculties; you have become fixed and settled, nothing disturbs you; you have acquired a certain peace in your whole being, which can only be the result of study and reflection. Moreover, place yourself in any position of life, you feel at home; you at once become acquainted with its duties; you take its obligations; everything is easy to you, no trouble, no fear; you have faculties strong and efficient enough to undertake any task, how difficult soever it may be. And what is the reason? It is: you have had difficulties before, you have struggled through many a line of Cicero, Virgil, or Horace, and how glad you were when you had your translations correct for the morning! How hard it was for you to decline the first nouns "penna," "via," in your first lessons! But you toiled, you exerted yourself to the best of your ability, you reflected and studied, you advanced from higher grades of science to the highest; you left nothing undone to perfect yourself in every branch, consulting your teachers about this problem, and that problem, until you reached a certain point which, though not perfect, yet may be considered a fair classical education. It is mainly, then, on account of the peculiar training of the mind, and its fitness to adapt itself to any kind of pursuit, that a classical education is so distinct from any other and so desirable. It is well enough to commence a commercial course if you have not the means or the talent to adopt a classical one; but if you have the means, and also the talent, do not fail to choose the latter. Many persons say, a mercantile course is to be preferred, because in it you learn those things best and most suited to practical life. Now this is all fudge, and facts plainly show that a young man who has received a classical education can learn single and double entry, and all the ways of book-keeping, in less than one half the time required by one who has studied nothing but book-keeping, arithmetic and those branches proper to this course. A classical education is, moreover, a great help in your mother-tongue. All modern languages are more or less derived from the Latin and Greek; they all have a common origin, and unless you are acquainted with these you can never thoroughly understand the meaning of a great mass of words. It is a classical education that raises the mind above its ordinary follies, cultivates the heart to nobler and higher feelings, and creates in it an ever-growing desire to become more acquainted with the secrets and beauties of nature, to approach as near as possible its only and perfect ideal—the Creator.

J. HOMAN (Prep. department).

Art, Music and Literature.

—H. Drachmann is the foremost living Danish author. His latest work is a fairy tale, "Eastward from the Sun and Westward from the Moon."

—France received five medals at the lately closed Exhibition of Ghent—Cormon, for his "Cain;" Morat, for his "The Good Samaritan;" Bastien Lepage, for his "Joan of Arc;" Pelouze, for his "The First Leaves;" and Rodin the sculptor, for his "The Age of Brass."

—A second concerto by Xavier Scharwenka, was produced at the second Gesellschaft Concert, Vienna, and created a deep impression upon advanced musicians, who do not stick to the ideas of musical antiquity. Opinion,

however, is divided as to which is the greater work—his first or second concerto. The former has long since been acknowledged by critical Vienna as a masterpiece of modern classical writing. The compositions of the two Scharwenkas and Moszkowski have made a wonderful impression when we consider that the gods of piano-literature in Vienna are Chopin and Beethoven.

—A letter from Mr. Longfellow to Father Ryan, the Southern poet, on the occasion of a reading by the latter of some of his own poems, at the Baltimore Academy of Music, on the evening of Dec. 17, contained the following pleasant paragraph: "When you call yourself 'the last and least of those who rhyme,' you remind me of the graceful lines of Catullus to Cicero: 'Receive the warm thanks of Catullus, the least of all poets; as much the least of all poets as you are the greatest of all advocates.' Last and least can no more be applied to you than '*pessimus*' to Catullus." If Father Ryan had never written anything but "Erin's Flag," he would prove himself not only a true poet, but a great one. That strong and thrilling poem will be read and admired long after many of the most popular poets of our day have passed into oblivion.—*Ave Maria*.

—The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*," which was on view last year at the Paris Exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only 5 centimetres long by $3\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 verses occupying a space of somewhat less than 8 square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue on the work. In 1873, a fresh attempt was made to "set up" the "*Commedia*," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fraticelli; the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Geche. The eye-sight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the *Allegemeine Zeitung*, from whose article this note is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "*Lo Dantino*," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and will shortly be put upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up.—*Catholic Universe*.

—John Pope, pupil of Couture, associate of the New York National Academy, one of the founders of the Artists' Fund Society and an enthusiast in his profession, died at his home in Fourth avenue some days ago, believing that at last, after forty years of labor, he had found the secret of perfect art. A man more thoroughly enraptured with his calling never lived. He painted while daylight lasted, and then spent the evening in producing the crayon drawings so much admired in the exhibitions at the Academy of Design. Though as a portrait painter he excelled, the dream of his life was to produce strong figure pictures, in which the background of landscape would form as effective a part as the figures themselves. This was his ruling passion in life, and as he neared the end the passion grew stronger. On the evening of his death, as he lay back on his pillows very weak and ill with hemorrhage of the lungs, his wife, who with her two children was watching at his side, was startled by his suddenly rising in bed and crying feverishly: "Quick! give me my palette and brush. I must paint. Don't attempt to stop me now, for at last I see it all. I can do it now, for I have just discovered the art through the influence of visions of exquisitely graduated music. It is plain as day at last." His wife, alarmed at his excitement, made a weak attempt to dissuade him, but as opposition only increased his excitement, and it was evident that his end was very near, she humored him. His paints, brushes, and canvas were brought to him, and his tearful relatives arranged the coverings of the bed so that they would look more like the drapery of his studio. He began his work with a haste amounting almost to frenzy. "At last, at last," he cried "I

have the beauty which all my life and over all the world I have been struggling for." He painted faster and faster, evidently believing that the canvas would show the beauty that he conceived, although it was in truth a sad realization of the conception. It was late in the day when he began his death-bed picture. It grew darker and darker as he went on, and his sorrowing family sat around him powerless to ease his last moments. At last it grew so dark that even he in his excitement noticed it. "Let us go to the studio," he cried, suddenly. "No, no; not to-night. Wait until to-morrow." "We must go to the studio," he exclaimed, making an effort to rise to his feet. The tax upon his strength was too great; without another word he fell back on his pillows dead.

Scientific Notes.

—American ingenuity, stimulated to almost superhuman efforts of conception by the favorable results of the experiments recently made with a view to tunnelling the bed of the British channel, has put forth an amazing project for connecting Great Britain with the United States by a Transatlantic railway. The devisers of this scheme proposed to sink upon the Atlantic bed an iron tube some 3,000 miles long, and 26 feet in diameter, through which two trains might travel simultaneously with perfect convenience and safety. Mr. Edison believes that he can perfect an electric locomotive to draw the trains along through the tube in 50 hours from shore to shore, and the cost of the whole line, rolling stock included, is not to exceed one hundred and sixty millions sterling.

—It has generally been held that metallic substances impregnating the soil were not absorbed by plants; that the roots possessed a species of selective power, in virtue of which they rejected everything of an injurious nature. This is not strictly true, since there are exceptions to the rule. The species of violet (*Viola calaminaria*), which flourishes on the waste ore heaps of certain parts of the zinc mines of Rhenish Prussia, have been found to contain considerable quantities of zinc. Mr. Dieulafoy, a noted French mineralogist, now adds his testimony to the inaccuracy of the opinion, by proving the presence of copper in plants which grow on rocks belonging to the copper-bearing series. In some instances he was able to obtain a distinct reaction of copper with ammonia in one grain of ash. It is not improbable that investigation would disclose the fact that other metals are also taken up by plants.

—Dr. Felix L. Oswald's article on "The Drink Problem" in the *International Review* for December is a discussion of the evils of intemperance from the physical rather than the moral point of view. Dr. Oswald states that in Great Britain the consumption of fermented and distilled liquors has increased since 1850 at the average yearly rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and in France at the rate of 2 per cent.; in Northern Germany the manufacture of malt liquors has doubled since 1866; and in the United States the consumption of intoxicating drinks has advanced at a rate exceeding our rapid growth of population by one-fifth. It is a still more suggestive circumstance that wherever, for any cause, the use of distilled drinks has appreciably declined, the want has been supplied by other and even more deleterious stimulants. In Paris alcohol is in part superseded by absinthe and chloral, among the Spanish Peruvians by coca, and in San Francisco by opium. In London and St. Petersburg many users of highwines have abandoned them for ether-drinking, and in Savoy and the adjoining Swiss Cantons arsenic-eaters are the only abstainers from alcohol.

—H. H. Warner deserves to be held in lasting remembrance by all who are interested in the advancement of science. He has the following to say to American astronomers: "Learning that the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has withdrawn its offer of a gold medal valued at \$60 for the discovery of comets, and being desirous that the search for them should not be abandoned, I hereby offer for every such discovery, subject to the conditions which follow, the sum of \$200 in gold as a prize, to be known as the Warner Safe Remedy Prize. Condition

1.—The comet must be unexpected and telescopic, excepting only the comet of 1812, which is expected to reappear during the coming year. Condition 2.—The first discovery must be made in the United States or Canada. Condition 3.—Immediate notification by telegraph must be made to Prof. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, Director of the Warner Observatory, who will cause the same to be cabled to Europe, and will also send notification to astronomers in this country by special circular or associated press dispatches. Condition 4.—The telegram must give the time of discovery, the position, direction and daily route of motion with sufficient exactness to enable at least one astronomer to find it. Condition 5.—In the event of any dispute which may arise regarding priority of claim or non-conformity with the conditions named, the decision shall be referred to Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., and Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton Observatory, and their decision shall be final. The above offer, unless previously renewed, will expire January 1st, 1882."

Exchanges.

—*The Otterbein Record* for January gives the following essays in its January number: "The Man for the Times," by Rev. W. J. Zuck; a continuation of the essay on "Classical Study," J. A. Weller, A. M.; "The Attic Drama," by Prof. J. E. Guitner. The local and excerpt departments receive careful attention.

—*The Brunonian* and *The Vassar Miscellany* set a good example by appending proper credit to all their excerpts; every note, large or small, even a two-liner, is credited, and these notes make a fine appearance—a much better one than with the ubiquitous "Ex." If we were about to start a paper we would call it the "Ex." then we would be sure of getting credit not only for what we wrote ourselves but also for the brain-work of others.

—*The Catholic World* for February has the following table of contents: I, The Genesis of Faith; II, The Wraith of the Achensee; III, A New Book on Freemasonry; IV, Protestant Proselytism in Ireland; V, A Life's Decision; VI, The Ecclesiastical Press in Germany Before the "Reformation"; VII, The Fight with the Dragon (Poem); VIII, A Woman of Culture; IX, The New Rhetoric; X, Catholics and Protestants Agreeing on the School Question; XI, New Publications: Protestantism and the Bible—Irish Distress and its Remedies—Anglican Ritualism—Irish Saints in Great Britain—Life of Father Alexis Clerc, S. J., Sailor and Martyr—Wetzer and Welte's Kirchenlexicon—The Age of Unreason.

—We learn from a criticism in *The Portfolio* that the Hamilton girls scarcely know what to make of us. Of course we do the best we can in the very limited time at our command, and we are not always in the same humor, either. Then, too, except the Editorial and Exchange departments, various pens, and under the stimulus of various moods, fill up the space of the SCHOLASTIC from week to week. As to whether the writer of "The Dangers of City Life" was in humor or earnest we leave to himself to decide. The exchange editor of the *The Portfolio* says:

"We own to a feeling of some surprise as we read the poetry upon the first page of our staid friend, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. There we see 'The Ballad of the Freshman and the Professor,' giving us in poetical version the 'old, old story of the Prof. who betrayed himself by replying to the question, 'Who's there?' 'Tis me.' We seldom have time for more than one careful reading of any article, but one reading of 'The Dangers of City Life' impelled to a second, and that to a third, and even yet we are in a state of indecision as to whether the writer means it or not. We read clauses speaking of the beneficence and bounty of the Creator, and think it is 'sober earnest.' Then we glance at the last sentence, containing that artistic and euphonious collection of adjectives used to describe the despised sons of fashion and idleness, and conclude that the whole thing is a joke. We are loath to admit a lack of comprehension, but really—"

—*The Penman's Art Journal* donned a new dress of type with the January number, and we are glad to learn that

the subscription list has nearly doubled in number within the past year. The valuable "Lessons in Practical Writing," by the senior editor, D. T. Ames, are continued, and, throughout, the *Journal* editors evidently spare no pains to make the publication a valuable and interesting one to all who have any regard, not only for the artistic in penmanship, but for improvement and excellence in plain business writing. To those, particularly, who wish to acquire a correct system of penmanship, and who have not time or means to take lessons from a teacher, *The Penman's Art Journal* will prove of invaluable assistance. Anyone who reads *The Penman's Art Journal* for a year and continues to write a poor or illegible hand may be set down as incorrigible; the editors seem to possess the faculty of communicating their enthusiasm to their readers, and the contents of the paper are so varied that even the most indifferent reader will always find something to interest him. The departments of "Editorial Notes" and "Fancies," edited by B. F. Kelley, are spicy, and the reader will inevitably find here some nuts to crack as a *finale* to the more solid repast. The *Journal* is a monthly, and the price of subscription only \$1 a year. Office of publication, 205 Broadway, New York.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January was received some time ago, but the pleasure afforded by a perusal of its admirable matter cannot be put into words in the brief time now at our disposal. The following is the table of contents: I, A Glance at the Conflict Between Religion and Science, by Rev. S. Fitzsimons; II, The Joyous Knights; or, Frati Gaudenti, by Rev. Bernard J. O'Reilly; III, The Anti-Catholic Issue in the Late Election; The Relation of Catholics to the Political Parties, by Dr. John Gilmary Shea; IV, Ireland's Great Grievance. Land Tenure in Ireland and Other Countries, by M. F. Sullivan; V, The Existence of God Demonstrated, by Rev. John Ming, S. J.; VI, Lord Beaconsfield and his Latest Novel, by John MacCarthy; VII, The Religious Outlook in Europe at the Present Day, by Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J.; VIII, The French Republic; Will it Last? by A. de G.; IX, Book Notices: A History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny from the Establishment to the Present Time—Young Ireland—Ceremonial Institutions—Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory—Synopsis of an Article on the Zodiacal Light—A History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the First Ten Centuries—Claims of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop to Apostolical Succession and Valid Orders Disproved—The Church and the Moral World—The Spoken Word; or, the Art of Extempore Preaching, its Utility, its Danger, and its True Idea, with an easy and Practical Method for its Attainment—The Student's Handbook of British and American Literature—The Oriental and Biblical Journal—Manual for Communion—The Dominican Hymn Book, with Vespers and Compline—The Mission of Woman.

—The man that "wags" his tale in the office of the *Watertown Gazette* proposes that the people of the United States buy General Grant a farm and set him to work. He says Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson took to farming when their terms of office in the presidential chair expired. The *Gazette* man's proposal in regard to Gen. Grant is not such a bad one after all. To us he says: "Now, look here, you SCHOLASTIC man . . . if you want recreation why don't you endeavor to collect the many bills due your excellent SCHOLASTIC. . . . Shucks! talk about being vexed! We wish we could be 'vexed' as you are, then we might publish a better paper." We are not sure of that. "Well, we won't growl," he continues. "It isn't our nature, but if you are really in need of recreation, come to Watertown and we'll turn you over to Brother Alban, who has plenty of wood to chop and many potatoes in the cellar. He'll fix ye." This proposal doesn't please us as well as that in regard to General Grant. We have never taken lessons on the violin, and fear we would flunk at the buck-saw. We might possibly be able to manage Bro. Alban's roots, but we have been so busy extracting the square from oblong roots at Notre Dame, for several years, that we do not care for further employment in that line. Don't think we'll accept. With regard to a certain class of news items, the editor of the *Gazette* is not as explicit as he should be. We are afraid, too, that he doesn't

stick closely to the truth at all times. He says the latest story about Sarah Bernhardt is that she fell into a thimble and it took three hours to find her. The *Gazette* man should be more explicit when giving news items. This one is very much like the item concerning the runaway team, which knocked the driver against a tree, and serious consequences were feared—whether to the man, the tree, or the team, was not stated. Now what is it in the present case—a very large thimble, a very little Sa-hara, or a big stretch of the Watertown editor's imagination?

—An editorial in the *University Press* says, "Nobody has appeared who is philanthropic enough to suggest any kind of an answer to the enquiry made some time ago as to how the work in the young ladies' literary societies can be made more interesting and profitable." It is singular that nobody can be found willing to wrestle with this abstruse problem. Perhaps some of the fair dames in St. Mary's classic halls—of whom, if report be true, visitors can scarcely find words to express the happy faculty possessed by the young ladies to add interest to everything they engage in, from a taffy-pull, to begin with, up the grade of culinary lessons to metaphysical problems, or a grand concert, or art display—would be willing to come to the aid of our Wisconsin friends. Don't all speak at once. By the way, we would like to have a practical test of the vaunted culinary proficiency of the young ladies at St. Mary's. We have had ocular evidence of their high standing in art, in the display in the parlors and St. Luke's Studio, and of their music at the entertainments, but never yet have we had an opportunity for a practical test of their culinary skill. We have frequently heard of it; but that is all. If it be within the range of the possibilities that they can satisfy us on this score we would gladly set our doubts forever at rest. We should like to know positively whether the world has not yet advanced so far that a young lady (or any number of young ladies) is still able to get up a passably toothsome repast—not a lunch, mind you, but a square meal; and this, too, all the work of their own hands; no boss cooks of either gender permitted to have anything to do with it. If an invitation were extended, we think we should have no hesitancy in constituting ourselves into a board of examination on this important matter; or, if we be not permitted to resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, we feel confident our brother pencil-slingers will have no objection to serve with us. What say the fair editors of *The Chimes*?

—The editor of *Church's Musical Visitor* keeps his paper up to the high standard of former years. "Musical Topics of the Month" are always edited with care, and able articles from various sources grace and enrich the pages of this popular monthly. The article entitled "All who Speak can Sing," in the January number of the *Visitor*, is replete with instruction upon the management of the voice, giving practical hints for respiration, expiration, articulation, pronunciation, style, etc. The writer says truly that everybody who can speak can sing; although everybody who can speak is not likely to make a good vocalist, yet with cultivation and practice he can sing in some way, and correct the harshness of his voice.

"A fine voice," he says, "is truly a gift of nature, but, where nature has given an indifferent voice, I hold that with judicious cultivation it may be greatly improved upon; and so with dramatic reading, for where the organ is naturally weak, by practice, under the guidance of a good master, it may become strong. In speaking, as in singing, if the voice be produced incorrectly, it will in time completely ruin the organ; whereas, if the student had been properly advised, it would otherwise have been an effective one. When nature has been so good as to grant one the privilege of a fine voice, I think the least one can do in return for nature's goodness, is to have it properly cultivated. What a splendid thing it is to be a good vocalist! I do not think there is a gift granted to man equal to it. What attention you can command! I only heard, a short time since, a very eminent, and I believe, thoroughly conscientious man say, 'That out of all the sermons he had heard by clever men, not one of them made such a religious impression on him as a cathedral chorister's rendering of Mendelssohn's everlasting 'Hear my Prayer'; and I am sure I have been completely carried away (as it were) while listening to a good vocalist. The students nowadays should be thankful that they have such examples of vocalization before them; they should go and hear these vocalists as often as possible, and then only will they see the glorious privilege of being 'a

good vocalist.' I think it is wonderful for one person to stand up and transfix an audience of thousands by simply singing. It only shows what a marvellous gift it is, and how those who have fine voices ought to appreciate them, and be grateful for them."

College Gossip.

—Hillsdale College has 148 students.

—The new buildings for St. Mary's College, Surrey, England, have been completed.

—The total amount thus far expended on the Catholic University of Sydney, Australia, is \$120,000.

—"There is room at the top," the Senior said,

As he placed his hand on the Freshman's head.—*Ex.*

—At the Catholic University of Ireland the chair of Gaelic is occupied by Professor O'Looney,—a man that is not "luny," by any means.

—The Amherst boys think that they should not be obliged to attend church twice a day on Sunday unless their Profs. are placed under a like obligation. Go it, boys!

—A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost any extra if my son wants to read and write, as well as row a boat?"—*University*.

—Prof.: "Mr. A. what does Labienus say of Brutus, sir?" Student, (prompting): "Last of the Romans." Mr. A.: "Lacedæmonians." Prof.: "No, sir; you didn't quite catch the sound, sir."—*Trinity Tablet*.

—Temperance lecturers will find a fine field for their labors in the University of Michigan. Of the 1500 students now attending that famous institution, only 36, we believe, have donned the red ribbon.

—The Michigan Supreme Court, in the scandal originating at the State University, has exonerated Douglas on on all points, placed Rose in the attitude of a defaulter, and saddled the costs on the university.

—The Marquis of Bute has subsidized St. Benedict's College, Scotland, with \$2,500 per year to enable the faculty to procure the services of two professors from the National Universities to assist the present staff.

—It is reported, though with what degree of truth remains to be seen, that the French Jesuits contemplate opening four new colleges beyond the frontier, one at Monaco, one beyond the Pyrenees, and the others at suitable places.

—At the English College, Valladolid, Spain, Mass is sung every Saturday by the students as an act of reparation to the Blessed Virgin for the insults offered her by fanatical English soldiers, who dragged her image through the streets of the city three hundred years ago.

—The boys at Rutgers have to stand on their merits in Greek. The Faculty has secured a set of Greek textbooks of which there is no existing translation.—*Index*. Are you sure there are no two-legged ponies within call? If not, then Rutgers is not worth noticing—it is a backward place, and too dull for anything.

—A smile, quite seraphic,
His countenance wore,
As he left that dread chamber
Of mystical lore.
The cause of the gladness
That filled pleasure's cup
He knew not his lesson,
And was not culled up.—*Ex.*

—It seems that at some of the boarding-houses at Ann Arbor, the University men must develop considerable energy in order to have a successful wrestle with the butter. They may be successful at baseball, or football, but this does not ensure plebeians success with that rank affair, the butter. Here is a clipping from *The University*:

UNKNOWN.—Our sympathies are with you. Do not mourn because your landlady gave you the bounce for placing the clipping from our columns on your breakfast plate. You should rather esteem it an honorable bit of good fortune, that you are no longer made an unwilling "Martyr." Come to us at noon on Saturday, and we will direct your footsteps to a boarding-house where your unalloyed sense of smell will tell you "on which side your bread is buttered."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, February 5, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—The onward and progressive march of civilization during the past century is one of the most characteristic features of the age in which we live. Never, since the creation of this glorious universe, were man's intellectual and moral capacities on a more solid basis than in the present age. We see with admiration the immense strides which mark his course, and the noble and generous influence by which he is excited. It is an age in which the deepest scientific research that ever engaged man's intellect is being thoroughly examined; one in which the arts and sciences are taking a decided and advantageous position for their improvement. The art of medicine has progressed so wonderfully as to lead to the relief, and in some cases the entire annihilation, of diseases which previously were thought incurable. We see the great and beneficial results achieved since the art of printing was invented, thereby saving an incalculable amount of labor and time. Mysteries of science which before involved men in deep recesses of doubt, are now being gradually and satisfactorily revealed. Such is the wonderful advancement of this century, unsurpassed in past ages. Religion also, notwithstanding the bitter and unjust reproaches with which she is assailed, still continues, and ever will continue, to adorn, by her peaceful influences, the man that accepts her for a leader, and is guided by her counsels and precepts. It is quite visible over the whole world, that the many noble and sublime virtues which are now substituted in place of the many disorders and vices which before prevailed, are producing the desired effect. We take a just pride in the age and country in which we live; and we have a right to, for our country is the grandest on the face of the earth, and our age the most progressive and enlightened.

The Military Companies, under the efficient management of their experienced drill-master, Captain Cocke, are already giving signs the most encouraging that before the close of the session, now begun, Notre Dame University will have just cause to be proud of her cadets. Such organizations are now existing at nearly every institution laying claim to the title of university. It was about two years ago that these companies, which flourished here in years gone by, under the name of Field Battalions or Military Corps, were revived. They are unquestionably the demand of the times. In France, and nearly every other European country, a knowledge of military tactics forms part of the student's education, a regular military course being prescribed. In our own country, where we but wish to learn those things essentially necessary to the acquisition of riches, or fame, or both, we feel inclined to ridicule the idea of such a course. But though we feel that an education in this country does not imply a knowledge of military science, we are none the less on that account inclined to become familiarly acquainted with it, viewing it from a recreative point. In France and other European countries, where large standing-armies are made a necessary evil by the constant warring of the powers with each other, either through a love of conquest, or in defence of their respective territories, such training becomes a necessity, and always meets with the most hearty approbation of the people. In such countries men have risen, and still hope to rise, to Fame's pinnacle by their success and skill on the field of battle. Their greatest glory is in distinguishing themselves by their strength, courage and martial prowess in the storming of some stronghold, or on the gory field of some hard-fought battle.

In the age of Napoleon I a military vocation was regarded as the highest to which a man could be called. And he who by thousands and thousands of his admirers is considered as being not only the peer, but even the superior of such "heroes of conquest" as Alexander and Hannibal; who made the very world tremble 'neath the tread of well-trained and brave warriors—braver than whom the world has never produced,—causing Europe to first kneel and then rise in a strong combination to arrest his onward course, readily perceived and encouraged by the bestowal of the most flattering honors this military fever which had taken possession of his subjects. The love of military science, so characteristic of the French, did not perish with its greatest patron and encourager on the Isle of St. Helena, for it still fires the hearts of thousands of patriotic Frenchmen, and causes them to regard war and all its horrors, not as one of the greatest evils which can befall a nation, but rather as a grand chance for the winning of military honors, in the eyes of a Frenchman the most glorious of all.

In establishing, or rather reviewing, these military organizations at the University, President Corby does not by any means wish us to think that we are preparing ourselves to participate in the great battles of this Republic, should it ever become involved in war—although, should such a thing occur, we would be found ready to do our part—but rather to look upon them as a source of recreation and physical culture. The advantages consequent upon these exercises, from a physical point of view, are many and lasting. Were there no other result to be obtained from drilling than that of causing each cadet to assume an erect bearing, and consequently an appearance of manliness in his walk, it would be worth our greatest attention. But be-

sides this desirable attainment we have a tone of firmness and grace in carriage imparted to our every movement, to say nothing of the satisfaction felt in being conversant with the various military movements. We are informed that in parts of New England attendance at these drills, and participation in them, are demanded of those attending the high schools and academies.

While we do not deem it a necessary part of one's education, we are strongly in favor of seeing all who possibly can avail themselves of the chance now afforded for obtaining a knowledge, however superficial and unfinished of military science. While we cannot coincide with those who would persuade us that this science is of such importance as to demand a place in the University curriculum, we must say that it is worthy of every encouragement from the Faculty, and the attention of every student. Two hours a day, the noon and evening recreations, will be taken up with this interesting exercise, and under the able drilling of Capt. Cocke, we are confident that the Notre Dame Cadets will make a splendid and creditable showing at the Commencement Exercises next June.

—The heavy mental strain which is experienced by every student during Examination week was completely relaxed by the arrival of Prof. W. C. Lyman, of Chicago, Ill., who entertained us most enjoyably on Saturday and Sunday evenings in the rotunda of the University. Prof. Lyman is an accomplished elocutionist, and a teacher of the art in Chicago. As his arrival here on Saturday afternoon was unexpected, no time was had for preparing programmes, etc., for the Entertainment, which, we were informed, he would give us that evening. The want of these programmes, however, in no way interfered with the pleasure felt by those composing the audience of Prof. Lyman on the occasion. When introduced by President Corby, he said he would dwell for a short time upon a few of the most important points in the art, such as gesture and voice. After giving practical, striking, and humorous illustrations of both, showing their dependence upon and connection with one another, he gave us the phrenological theory of the location of the different sensations—anger, fear, love, hatred, etc.,—with black-board illustrations. Gesture was either straight, angular or curved; this the Professor beautifully illustrated in the rendition of several entertaining selections. Much laughter was caused among the audience by the Professor's perfect mimicry of the awkward positions frequently assumed by young men when in the act of addressing an assemblage. The various shades, and consequent varied effects of the human voice, were strikingly and powerfully portrayed in every detail. Saturday evening's Entertainment terminated with a side-splitting recital of "The Hypochondriac King," in which Prof. Lyman is universally conceded to be inimitable. It is a comic piece, and it is very difficult to render it effectively. Prof. Lyman was equal to the task; and the long and prolonged thunder of applause which greeted the effort spoke volumes for its success. The exercises of this evening, though most enjoyable and instructive, were but preparatory to the grand one which took place the following evening, Sunday. A regular programme had been prepared for the occasion, and a glance at it satisfied us that a rich elocutionary treat was in store for that evening. We were not only not disappointed in our anticipations, but found that the evening's

Entertainment far surpassed our most enthusiastic expectations. The heading of the programme told us that we were to have "Dramatic, Heroic and Humorous Recitals by Prof. Walter C. Lyman, late of New York, now of Chicago, under the auspices of the Euglossians," and the first thing on it was an "Overture" (*Tancred*), by Profs. Paul and Baur, the former of whom manipulated the violin, and the latter the piano; a duet, in which the violin was the principal, finding a beautiful and perfectly executed support on the piano, the whole giving entire satisfaction to the audience, which was evinced by the loud applause at its conclusion.

Prof. Lyman then took the floor and said that he was about to play upon the most difficult and sensitive of all instruments—his audience—the strings of which were composed of the feelings of each individual present. Prof. Lyman had tuned his instrument the night previous, and when he drew his first bow, "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," across it, he found it under complete control of his masterly touch; and this was the case, not only while listening to the recital of the perilous situation in which the lovers were placed for the purpose of exhibiting the skilful marksmanship and satisfying the ambitious cravings of a proud king, but throughout the entire programme our risible and sympathetic feelings were the principal ones played upon by Prof. Lyman, for the time, although the other chords were occasionally handled. "The Frightened Teuton" was a laughable recitation of the Professor's experience with a young Teuton on a certain occasion. The Prof. was then quite young, and ambitious to be looked upon as a great dramatist; he accordingly was accustomed to betake himself to a distant forest, where, with the trees and birds as an audience, he would exercise his vocal powers. It was on his return from one of these rehearsals that the events, immortalized under the title of "The Frightened Teuton," took place. He had been rehearsing his rôle preparatory to taking part in a drama on the following evening. It was none other than "Othello," in which the Prof. was to take the principal part—that of the Moor. He had hardly cleared the forest when one of the most tragically wild and difficult passages of his rôle occurred to him. Not wishing to retrace his steps, and seeing no one near, he thought he would rehearse it on the spot; it was that portion of the third act where "Othello" takes "Iago" by the throat, commands him to give ocular proof of "Desdemona's" unfaithfulness, "or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, thou hadst better have been born a dog, than answer my wak'd wrath." In the mean time, a terrified Teuton, unperceived by the Professor, was sitting against a fence but a few feet distant. As the Prof. spoke, he advanced in tragic style towards the trembling listener, who was sure that he was the object of the Professor's fiery wrath,—which he, no doubt, thought was the frenzy of a maniac. Trembling like an aspen leaf, he exclaimed: "*Mein Gott im Himmel!*" which was the first intimation the Prof. had of anyone's presence; it took the Professor some time to assure the youngster that he was not "Iago," and that death was not imminent.

This recitation was followed with a piano solo by Prof. Baur, which was well received by the audience. "The Closet Scene from Hamlet" was next on the programme, but, by request, "Sheridan's Ride" was declaimed instead. So animated, faithfully and gracefully depicted were Sheridan's Ride and the Battle, that we imagined ourselves at the scene of the events. "The Lost Pantaloons" was

given in a novel and highly entertaining manner, keeping the audience in continual roars of laughter. Prof. Paul then favored us with one of his many choice selections on the piano, and was, as he always and deservedly is, warmly applauded. "European Guides" (Twain), was the next treat. "The Conduct of American Tourists in Foreign Countries" was characteristically and humorously described, showing that even the handwriting of such a great man as "Chreestopore Columbo" failed to elicit their admiration or any comment save that "we have boys in America who are only fourteen years old, and who can leave Christopher's writing in the shade." Columbus's bust, or even the Egyptian mummy, has naught of interest for the American; and this to the utter horror of the gabby Italian guide, who is utterly at a loss to account for American indifference, and completely nonplussed when told to "pull down his vest." The eccentricities and vivacious actions of the Italian guide, supplemented by the ridiculously cool indifference of the American, and the perfect manner in which both were personated by the Professor, made the "European Guides" one of the most entertaining recitations of the evening. We were next entertained by Profs. Paul and Baur, who played a lively and very pretty duet. This was followed by the "Spanish Duel," which was, in our opinion, one of the best rendered pieces of the evening; for in its rendition the elocutionist showed up the art in all its delicacy, grandeur, and sublimity.

"The Rival Orators" was a good get-off on our friend Eliot Ryder, who, Prof. Lyman said, was his schoolmate. He prefaced this selection by remarking that it is a well-known fact that handsome children make very ugly-looking men. Eliot Ryder, or "Helly," as they used to call him at school, because he was so mischievous, had been a remarkably handsome boy, and is consequently an—well, we were left to draw our own conclusions. He said that he and Eliot had always been rivals in everything, especially in oratory. They had a public contest once for a very beautiful prize, and as he [Lyman], being the better elocutionist, had won it, he proposed to show us how "Helly" declaimed on the occasion. This he did, and in such a ludicrous manner that you could hear "Mary's Little Lamb," "Helly's" piece for the contest, bleating. Eliot Ryder was present, and for the time being was the observed of all observers; and the affair being an old reminiscence of his school-boy days, he, of course, took it good-naturedly, and laughed as heartily as anyone present.

The evening's Entertainment terminated with the "Hypochondriac King," which Prof. Lyman repeated by special request. We have already referred to this piece in speaking of Saturday night's Entertainment, so further reference to it is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that it was rendered as well, and excited as much laughter, and received as much applause,—and perhaps more, for the Minims were present,—as on Saturday evening. Mr. G. Clarke, of the staff, then arose, and in a few appropriate words thanked Prof. Lyman, in the name of the students, for the pleasure which he had afforded them, and expressed the desire of seeing him very frequently at Notre Dame University. Prof. Lyman gracefully bowed his acknowledgments, and replied that it had given him great pleasure to entertain such a large and appreciative audience, and hoped that he would again have the pleasure of doing the same.

Among those present on this occasion we noticed Very Rev. Fathers General and Granger, President Corby, Rev.

Fathers Condon, Frère, O'Keeffe, Hagerty, Kollop, Kirsch, Zahm and Kittel; Profs. Lyons, Unsworth, Devoto, Coleman, Edwards and his sister, Mrs. Carney, and several members of the Faculty whose names we now forget. All say that it was the most entertaining affair of the kind which has taken place in the rotunda during the present scholastic year.

Prof. Lyman is one of the best and most successful, as well as most popular elocutionists in the West, and deservedly so, for he is a master of his art, a scholar, and a gentleman.

Local Items.

- Old Noah.
- "I like dot pie."
- "Give us a rest."
- Have you a cousin?
- "How are you, Smith?"
- New arrivals every day.
- And Eddie, he was sick!
- "Dexter" has returned.
- Oh! sliding down the hill.
- And "Plato" he was sick.
- Solon has lost his dignity.
- The Examinations are over.
- Can you play a heavy part?
- Say, do you know "Helly"?
- Beware of "Charley Ross"!
- "And the king he was sick."
- "Schmit, make yourself out."
- Who has those music books?
- "I insist on McG—singing."
- The Boston man is not satisfied.
- Brigham belongs to the Thespians.
- How many Iowa men in the Band?
- Ask Plato about the oyster cracker.
- "I thought your name was Simms."
- When are we to have the next *soirée*?
- Dennis, give back "Georgie" his ring.
- "Mary had a-a-little lamby, lamb-lam."
- The second session began last Tuesday.
- "Duzen" sports a fine pair of "gun-boats."
- Mercury 18 deg. below 0 yesterday morning.
- Fuller and Miller are the names that rhyme.
- "Did you think I was going to lie about it?"
- George says he is not the author of that joke.
- How did you like the singing of the Iowa man?
- Prof. Lyons was *not* in Chicago last Wednesday.
- See how your name and percentage look in print!
- The "Corporal" graduated last Monday morning.
- Severe snow and wind storm last Monday afternoon.
- January has bid us farewell! so has the "Corporal."
- Excellent singing at Mass and Vespers last Sunday.
- J. W. Start is assistant Librarian to Prof. J. F. Edwards.
- High Mass was sung by Rev. D. J. Hagerty last Sunday.
- The Thespians will soon commence rehearsing for the 22d.
- The Minims couldn't "get on" that large pair of pantaloons.
- "Have you heard about the new Collegiate dormitory?"
- "Mack" has a standing invitation to the steam-house.

—When he can't play he says his lips are cooked—good excuse.

—The Academia held a special meeting on Thursday evening.

—Not a "local" in the "box" Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.

—There was a \$30,000 fire in South Bend last Friday morning.

—The "tooth-pick" came very near being "chewed up" last week.

—There was no meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity on Sunday night.

—We know of a certain Senior who was completely sold and deceived last week.

—Bro. Albert was welcomed on his return from the St. Joe with great enthusiasm.

—The music furnished by Profs. Baur and Paul on Sunday evening was first class.

—Some very smart boys in the Minim department—read their average in another column.

—A beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has been placed in the Seniors' study-hall.

—Harry Kitz found out at the Minims' Examination that he was over 370,000,000 seconds old.

—Dancing in the rotunda last Tuesday night. Good music for the same by Bloom and Maher.

—Masters J. Metz and A. Molander, Minim department, have our thanks for favors received.

—Nobody wishes to risk a box of cigars on Mother Jordan's predictions? All right, we're satisfied.

—Masters Guthrie and Gordon were acolytes-in-chief on Sunday last, and Master C. Echlin, leader.

—President Corby granted the boys recreation on Tuesday. It was needed after a four-days' examination.

—Rev. Father Frère has a novel little mill for grinding—well, he doesn't grind coffee in it. Call and see it.

—The severity of the winter does not prevent the Seniors from walking around their Campus during recreation.

—The average of each student was read in the different study-halls by Vice-President Walsh on Tuesday morning.

—Vice-President Walsh and Rev. Father Stoffel were kept busy all day Tuesday and Wednesday in classifying students.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for this year is as bright as a new pin, and as good as a gold dollar.—*Catholic Mirror*, (Baltimore).

—A special meeting of the Sorins was held Monday evening. Business of importance necessitated the holding of the "special."

—"Sancho" and "Nep," as usual, made themselves prominent by their howling, yelling, snarling and barking on Sunday night. Lynch them.

—"Pete" and "J. Willie," in consequence of removing the "protective tariff" from their upper lips, have exposed themselves to bronchial attacks.

—All were delighted with the Entertainment given on Saturday and Sunday evening by Prof. W. C. Lyman, a distinguished elocutionist from Chicago.

—The Band will doubtless appear soon. Since the accession of Mr. Harrington, there no longer exists any difficulty as to the playing of the cymbals.

—The students of the University return thanks to Prof. Lyons who was instrumental in getting Prof. Lyman to entertain them on Saturday and Sunday evening.

—The Seniors have a good play-hall orchestra which furnishes excellent music for those wishing to "trip lightly" during the dull recreation hours of winter.

—Our young friend, F. R. J., tells us how to teach a dog arithmetic: "Tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time." Send us another.

—Prof. Lyons, A. M., will, we are told, deliver a lecture on "Voice Culture," sometime during the month. We are

sure that it will prove both interesting and instructive.

—Monday, the 31st inst., was the 17th anniversary of Rev. Father Condon's ordination. That he may live to see many returns of the same is the heartfelt wish of the SCHOLASTIC.

—"Duzen" and "Marshal" are said to be the best ice-choppers in Northern Indiana. They cleared off the Washington Hall steps in about twenty-five minutes last Tuesday afternoon.

—To-morrow, the 5th Sunday after Epiphany, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung; Vespers, of a Confessor, Bishop. Hymn, *Iste Confessor* (of a Confessor, not Bishop). Page 51 of the Vespers.

—Some remarkably close and exciting games of hand-ball were played, on Tuesday afternoon, in the Minim department; lively ones were also reported from the Junior and Senior departments.

—We have been informed that Prof. J. F. Edwards has been requested by President Corby to deliver a course of lectures on politeness during the present session. We are sure that they will be both entertaining and beneficial.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1881 contains the calendar, postal information, etc., with spicy and entertaining reading matter. University of Notre Dame: J. A. Lyons, paper, pp. 76; price 25 cents.—*Home Journal*, (Detroit).

—Bro. Basil informs us that there are more students taking lessons on musical instruments than ever before in the history of the University. This speaks well for the reputation of the University, from a musical standpoint.

—We now know how to account for the many homely individuals at Notre Dame. Prof. Lyman has put us in possession of the secret. "They were all handsome when young and, like "Helly," grew ugly-looking as they grew older."

—The Logic Class claims to be able to "scoop" anything in the house. But, alas, they were ignominiously scooped at the late Examination. For further particulars, see the Rev. Prefect of Discipline—but put the question gently.

—Master James Gillen, a member of the Manual Labor School, who arrived here a few weeks ago from Philadelphia, died here last Saturday morning of spinal paralysis. His corpse was sent to Philadelphia for interment on Sunday evening.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for the year of our Lord 1881, by Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, has been laid upon our table. It is a model in typography and filled with interesting matter pertaining to the seasons as well as the Church.—*South-Bend Herald*.

—We could not help noticing the look of interest and the happy smile that lit up Very Rev. Father General's countenance as he watched his Minims working, and then giving intelligent solutions of problems in fractions which might well be considered a test for older brains.

—Wednesday last Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock by Very Rev. Father Granger, with Rev. Father L'Etourneau and Rev. Father Condon as assistants. Rev. P. Moran was master of ceremonies; Master C. Tinley, censor-bearer; Masters Cleary and Guthrie, the head-servers; and Master C. C. Echlin, leader.

—The eight regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Saturday, Jan. 29th. Declamations were delivered by Masters Hanavin, Snee, Taylor and Tourtillotte. Masters Farrelly and O'Connor favored their fellow-members with songs. An organ solo by W. Hanavin terminated the evening's exercises.

—Several improvements have been made in the Seniors' recreation-hall since Christmas. The windows on the south side have been enlarged to twice their former size, two pairs of parallel bars have been put up, the ceiling and walls have been improved in appearance, and, altogether, the hall has a more cheerful and lightsome appearance than formerly.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, has favored us with a copy of his *Scholastic Annual* for 1881. Like its predecessors, which have appeared reg-

ularly for the past five years, it is an interesting compilation, handsomely printed, and containing much valuable information. A copy will be sent to any one ordering it, for 25 cents.—*Mishawaka Enterprise*, Jan. 21st, 1881.

—The 14th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held Feb. 2d. Recitations and declamations were given by the following: F. Prenatt, G. Woodson, A. Schiml, F. W. Wheatley, A. Brown, H. Dunne, G. O'Kane, and J. Whelan. F. Prenatt was elected Prompter and G. O'Kane Librarian. Master L. Gibert closed the exercises with a spirited selection in French.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1881, compiled by Prof. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, is on our table. It contains nearly 100 pages, is well edited, and handsomely printed on an excellent quality of paper, and is in every way worthy the institution from which it emanates—an institution that is flourishing, and which steadily maintains the high position to which it attained years ago.—*Herald Chronicle*, (Laporte), Jan. 27, 1881.

—The Philodemics' Society-room bids fair to become one of the handsomest in the College building. It is now being painted by Mr. Smith, of Waukesha, Wis., a young man who, if we do not greatly mistake, is sure to make his mark as a distinguished artist. Although as yet a mere student, Mr. Smith's work evinces talent of no ordinary excellence, and by properly cultivating it he will undoubtedly one day become a great painter.

—We know of a certain professor whose sense of feeling was somewhat wounded on examining a locket which depends from a certain Prep.'s watch-chain. He wished to see the picture which the mischievous Prep. assured him was inside, to do which it was, of course, necessary to open the locket. He didn't open it, although he tried—it was one of those lockets which, when pressed acts like the business-end of a bumble bee—there was a pin in it.

—Another pleasant musical Entertainment took place in the rotunda Monday evening. Two piano solos were admirably executed by Prof. Baur. The Mozart Quartette played several fine pieces. Messrs. O'Donnell and Pollock, of the Senior department, favored their fellow-students with some good songs. President Corby, Rev. Father Zahm, Prof. J. A. Lyons, and one or two other members of the Faculty, were present. The singers received a lavish shower of bouquets—artificial ones.

—Dark night has descended upon us: the "Corporal," the gallant, glorious, brave, magnanimous, corpulent, robust, cantankerous, big-fisted "Corporal" has left us! Our grief is unbounded. Words are inadequate to express our feelings on this doleful fact. Come back, "Corporal," come back! Give up your intention of lecturing throughout Europe! Should you find it impossible to return, send us a lock of your hair, an old tooth-pick, or, in fact, anything by which we may remember you. Oh, gallant "Corporal," farewell! farewell!

—We are indebted to Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, for a copy of the *Scholastic Annual* for the present year. It is a valuable auxiliary to every person of literary taste, as it contains poetical contributions from Maurice F. Egan, Eliot Ryder, and others, as well as prose essays from Bishop Ryan, Hon. E. F. Dunne, LL. D., and other Catholic writers. These literary productions, as well as a host of matter pertaining to a Catholic calendar and almanac, make this volume among the cheapest books published for 25 cents.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Scrin Literary and Dramatic Association was held last Tuesday evening. An election of officers for the second session took place. The following is the result: Directors and President the same as first session; 1st and 2d Vice-Presidents, D. Taylor and Joe Courtney, respectively; Rec. Secretary, Master C. Echlin; Censors, Masters Van Mourick, Snee and Tourtillotte; Treasurer, W. Hanavin; Librarian, H. Kitz; Marshal, M. Olds; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. Droste; Monitor, R. Costello; Corresponding Secretary, H. Metz. A humorous selection was read, at the request of the members, by the President.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons' *Scholastic Annual* for 1881 has been received, and a run through its seventy-six pages convinces us that the publication is not retrograding, but rather pro-

gressing, and each year the Professor is devoting more and closer attention to making the *Annual* a valuable reference book for priest, layman and the unregenerate. In addition to the Church calendars, the work contains considerable reading matter of interest, including literary productions that reflect great credit upon it. The book is issued from the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC press, and can be obtained by inclosing 25 cents to the author, at Notre Dame.—*The St. Joseph Valley Register*, Jan. 26, 1881.

—The following is the programme which was carried out at the concert on Monday evening:

Grand Sonata, C Major.....Beethoven
Prof. Baur.

Song—*Franz Abt*.....Mr. H. O'Donnell
String Quartette.....*Mozart*
B. Basil, B. Leopold; Profs. Paul and Baur.

German Song.....*Kücken*
Mr. B. Pollock.

Piano Quartette.....*Mozart*
Bros. Basil and Leopold; Profs. Paul and Baur.

The piano accompaniment to the songs was played by Prof. Baur.

—T. Francis Smith, a student at Notre Dame University, whose life-like portrait of Gregori, the famous Roman artist, was noticed in these columns some weeks ago, has just completed two other portraits which are now on exhibition at Smith's book store. One of these is an oil portrait of M. A. Smith, executed with all the freedom of an old and experienced artist, so much so, indeed, that the best judges would not call it the work of any other. The second is a crayon portrait of Mr. M. A. Smith's mother, and it is fully as life-like as the oil production. Young Mr. Smith is evidently destined for a great portrait-painter and we are glad to see he is following the bent of his genius. May it result in much wealth to him and honor to his *Alma Mater*.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—The Minims' Board of Examiners consisted of Very Rev. Father General, President; Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. Fathers Kittel and Walsh; Mr. Toomey, C. S. C.; Brother Amandus, C. S. C.; Prof. Edwards, Messrs. Geo. Clarke and F. Bloom. While expressing their gratitude for the kindness shown by all the examiners, the Minims wish in a special manner to thank Very Rev. Father General who, amid his many and daily-increasing duties, devoted so much of his precious time to them. The examination is a trying ordeal for all the students; but the presence of their venerated patron, and his interesting and humorous way of putting questions, removed every trace of embarrassment from his Minims and gave them confidence to answer with an intelligence which no less surprised than delighted their examiners.

—The 18th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Feb. 1st. Master W. Cleary read a well-written essay on "Benjamin Franklin." Master F. Quinn's essay on "Extravagance" was one of the best read before the Association this year. "A. T. Stewart" was the subject of J. Ruppe's composition, which was well written. "College Life" was well described in a nice little essay by E. Fischel. Master C. McDermott gave a brief sketch of Galileo. The subject of E. Orrick's speech was "Alexander Pope," to which subject he did ample justice. A portion of the drama, entitled "Rienzi," was well rendered by J. O'Neill. The "Wrongs of the Indiana" was well told in his usual graceful manner. Master F. H. Grever read a well-written criticism on the exercises of the previous meeting. Public readers for this week are as follows: C. Tinley, C. McDermott, A. Bodine, W. Cleary, J. O'Neill, C. Brinkman, N. Ewing and F. Quinn.

—Bro. Albert, C. S. C., deserves the thanks of the students of the University for the unsparing efforts he has made in endeavoring to secure for them the enjoyment and pleasurable exercise of skating. In the second last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, we suggested that the snow-plow be used in removing the snow which covers both lakes and prevents us from enjoying the pleasant sport of skating. On trial, this was found impracticable; the snow being hard-packed and deep. We were about giving up in despair when Bro. Albert came to the rescue and hinted the feasibility of flooding St. Mary's Lake. The suggestion was thought a good one, and at once adopted. The

lake is now flooded over, and from present indications, good skating may be had to-morrow and the day after. The operation of flooding the lake is a simple one, sufficient water being obtained by damming the outlet. The telephone, too, is a simple affair, but it took a genius like Edison to invent it.

—The editor of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC tells, in last week's issue, how a man came up into his office and wanted to see the devil, and when his satanic majesty was about to make his appearance, the man fled. The devil might scare the Hoosier, or any one living around Notre Dame, but the only thing that will scare the average Watertown man is the presentation of a bill—not a misquito's—and he never forgets it. Send that clay pipe out this way, and we'll send a long-necked black bottle in return. There is nothing mean about us, if we were born rich instead of handsome.—*Watertown (Wis.) Gazette.*

We said we would keep the pipe till the owner called for it. Perhaps the editor of the *Gazette* has a particular claim on that pipe? Was the frightened "Hoosier" no Hoosier after all, but a Wisconsinian and a travelling correspondent for the *Gazette*? The *Gazette* man probably thinks he knew our weak point when he proposed the bottle, but we don't tumble that way. He's a rum'un, this editor of *The Watertown Gazette*, but we are too much of a Roman to be bribed by his black-bottle fire-water—keep your bottle, old fellow, and we'll keep the pipe. If you come this way, though, we'll have no objection to using it as a calumet.

—Musicians and Music-Hall managers prove no exception to the general rule that everybody has his troubles. For instance, we heard one of the fraternity remark that it took him just twenty minutes to shave his upper lip one day last week. He consumed five minutes in making the preliminary preparations, and had just commenced to remove the *debris* (a new name for hair on the upper lip) when he was obliged to suspend operations to procure a clarinet for a rising and promising young musician who just then felt like trying his skill on that difficult instrument. He went, muttering something about the trouble caused by parvenus in the musical arena, procured the asked for instrument, and on re-commencing operations found that what had been foamy lather but a few minutes ago, had now become a solid mass of something for which he could find no name. So he was obliged to lather it over again; and had scarcely finished the job, when in ran another lover of music, saying that the Director of the Junior Orchestra wanted another violin immediately, as three of the four strings on the leader's fiddle had snapped in twain, and that the whole Orchestra was in bad humor on account of the accident; adding that, unless another violin were sent to the leader immediately, a free fight would take place among the now excited and angry musicians, and dollars worth of damage be done to both instruments and players. Filled with a desire of preventing blood-shed, perhaps, and saving the instruments, our friend, oblivious of the annoyance caused but a moment ago by the clarinet man, and of the new coat of lather on his lip, made all possible haste for the violin repository and returned with the best one he could find. With a prayer that the threatened rumpus might be averted, he again begun operations—not, however, before another application of the saponaceous preparation was made to the upper lip. He was just beginning to congratulate himself,

For his task was nearly o'er
When there came a gentle tapping,
Then a loud and ringing rapping,
At his little chamber door.
Quoth he, "What can be the matter?
That loud voice, and so much clatter!
Just as I begin to shave,
Every rogue and petty knave
To my door is sure to come,
For music, many, and for mischief, some.
But I'll not stand it any more!"
Another bang, then, at the door,
He dropped his razor, dropped his brush.
And for the door made one grand rush,
Which swinging open, loud he cried:
"My patience long enough, you've tried;
Tell me, quickly, what brings you here?"
"I say, old man, you're on your ear;
The Orchestra—" "In a fight I fear?"
"Oh, no; they simply sent me here,

To say that they were all O. K.
My message's done; kind sir, good day."

Well, our friend returned to his room, and after another fresh coat of lather succeeded without interruption in removing the remainder of the "debris." Our friend John has our sympathy in his affliction.

Examination Averages.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

C. Adams, 76; W. Arnold, 85; C. W. Bennett, 63; F. Baker, 78; J. F. Brown, 83; F. Bell, 74; F. Bloom, 99; T. P. Byrne, 71; C. Brehmer, 80; A. Bodine, 73; L. Clements, 75; J. Casey, 86; B. Casey, 75; G. E. Clarke, 83; F. Clarke, 90; J. Delaney, 74; F. Dever, 82; H. B. Dulaney, 76; D. English, 77; M. B. Eaton, 80; J. Falvey, 92; M. Falvey, 77; W. P. Fishburn, 73; F. Garrity, 74; G. L. Hagan, 91; W. Hoffman, 85; S. Henoeh, 75; D. Harrington, 95; W. Johnson, 88; W. G. Jones, 79; W. Cavanaugh, 90; O. Korty, 78; F. E. Kuhn, 95; W. Kelly, 95; R. Le Bourgeois, 87; J. Marlett, 71; W. J. McCarthy, 82; J. McNamara, 74; A. T. Moran, 89; J. McIntyre, 94; L. Mathers, 85; J. Malone, 80; E. McGorrick, 72; W. McGorrick, 90; J. C. Newman, 86; H. Noble, 74; J. O'Reilly, 75; E. Otis, 94; J. Osher, 93; R. O'Connor, 80; H. O'Donnell, 92; E. Piper, 83; A. Pimyotahmah, 75; J. Redmond, 74; W. B. Ratterman, 75; F. Rettig, 76; J. Solon, 93; H. Steis, 77; G. Sugg, 95; W. Schofield, 62; R. Seeburger, 89; A. Thornton, 82; G. Tracey, 75; E. Taggart, 98; S. P. Terry, 94; C. Thiele, 88; F. Ward, 83; J. H. Welch, 86; W. Young, 93; C. B. Van Dusen, 93; J. B. Zettler, 98; A. Zahm, 99.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Ayers, 67; A. Browne, 95; J. H. Bennett, 87; F. Boone, 76; J. M. Boose, 81; C. Brinkman, 65; M. Butler, 82; V. G. Butler, 87; J. H. Burns, 87; Alfred Bodine, 94; W. Barron, 89; M. Block, 65; G. Castanedo, 82; A. Coghlin, 86; L. W. Coghlin, 86; J. Courtney, 87; E. Cullinane, 83; M. J. Cavanagh, 87; W. Cleary, 96; F. Cantwell, 73; H. P. Dunn, 78; G. W. De Haven, 86; F. Dorsel, 80; J. W. Devitt, 91; H. Devitt, 85; A. Dennis, 76; N. H. Ewing, 98; T. Flynn, 88; J. Flynn, 84; J. M. Farrell, 77; J. H. Fendrick, 81; R. E. Fleming, 90; E. Fischel, 98; F. Fischel, 83; L. Flormann, 81; J. Friedmann, 87; J. Gordon, 93; L. Gibert, 92; E. Gall, 86; A. Gall, 78; J. W. Guthrie, 78; F. Greever, 81; W. Gray, 91; E. Gallagher, 60; E. Gaines, 80; P. Hoffmann, 79; T. P. Hurley, 81; A. Hintze, 84; M. Herrick, 82; J. Homan, 71; G. Haslam, 83; N. Halthusen, 71; F. Johnson, 85; A. Jackson, 90; P. Joyce, 87; F. Kengel, 88; F. Krone, 76; F. Kleine, 88; J. M. Kelly, 73; C. Kollars, 90; S. Livingston, 70; F. Mattes, 87; A. Mendel, 85; J. Maher, 86; W. P. Mahon, 90; F. M. Phillips, 83; J. Morgan, 79; C. McDermott, 95; C. Murdock, 89; S. Murdock, 78; J. F. Martin, 93; F. McKinnon, 71; A. Manning, 80; H. Morse, 95; M. McNulty, 79; N. Nelson, 88; E. Orrick, 99; G. F. O'Kane, 88; J. P. O'Neill, 82; L. O'Donnell, 93; C. F. Perry, 85; F. Prenatt, 80; E. Prenatt, 91; D. Paul, 85; G. Rhodius, 89; A. Rohrbach, 82; H. L. Rose, 66; C. F. Rose, 87; C. F. Rietz, 90; Jos. Ruppe, 88; Geo. Silverman, 92; H. Sells, 92; W. E. Smith, 89; E. Smith, 83; D. C. Smith, 79; A. Schmil, 85; C. Schneider, 84; Geo. Schafer, 79; J. W. Start, 91; J. M. Scanlan, 94; G. Woodson, 89; Geo. Truschel, 89; C. Tinley, 67; F. Quinn, 80; F. Woeber, 83; F. Wheatley, 90; J. Whalen, 81; T. Williams, 89; B. Zekind, 81; Jerome Casey, 81; A. Flynn, 80; W. Hetz, 85; H. Hake, 76; A. Dick, 80.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, 99; J. S. Courtney, 97; R. Costello, 95; W. Hanavin, 92; H. A. Snee, 98; J. A. Frain, 95; C. C. Echlin, 98; W. T. Berthelet, 96; E. A. Howard, 97; C. G. Droste, 97; D. T. O'Connor, 90; H. A. Kitz, 96; G. E. Tourtillotte, 94; M. W. Olds, 97; J. Kelly, 92; H. Metz, 89; F. Moroney, 92; A. A. Molander, 96; W. Taylor, 90; J. Moroney, 87; A. B. Van Mourick, 92; F. Farrelly, 90; J. Chaves, 90; J. Dwenger, 95; J. Ruppe, 92; J. Bender, 92; W. Miller, 85; L. Young, 85; C. Metz, 90; H. Ackerman, 93; B. Bender, 86; E. Bagard, 87; M. Devitt, 80; W. Rea, 84; J. Kint, 80; J. McGrath, 75; E. McGrath, 70.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, C. A. Brehmer, F. W. Bloom, F. M. Bell, F. Clarke, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, J. D. Delaney, B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, F. J. Garrity, G. L. Hagan, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, Ed McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, J. R. Marlett, J. J. McElvain, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, A. T. Moran, J. C. Newman, G. Nester, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, J. S. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, A. Thornton, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, C. Van Dusen, F. Ward, A. Weisheart, F. J. Weisheart, W. R. Young, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, J. Welch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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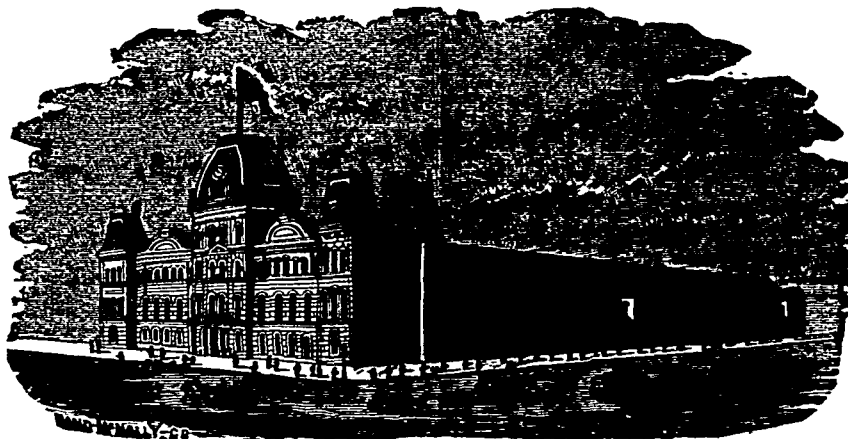
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GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.53 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2 MAIL.	4 Special N. Y. Express.	6 Atlantic Ex- press.	8 Chicago and St. Louis Express.	20 Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	
Miller's....."	9 10 "			12 05 a.m.	
Chesterton....."	9 32 "			12 32 "	
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "			
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "		9 20 "	2 35 "	
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.			9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."		7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."		9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	

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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

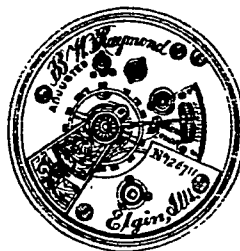
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 33 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

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